MARVEL

PSR 61

BEDARD

CALAFIORE

McKENNA

EXILES®

BUREAU OF MUTANT AFFAIRS HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Son of Apocalypse

PART TWO OF TWO

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WHAT ARE YOU *PLAYIN'* AT, HOLOCAUST?

THIS IS NO *TRICK*, VICTOR. IT'S EXACTLY AS I *SAID*...

...IF WE PUT ASIDE OUR DIFFERENCES FOR ONE DAY, WE CAN *DESTROY* THIS MEDDLING LITTLE MAN WHO HAS HIJACKED OUR LIVES--

--THIS SO-CALLED *TIMEBROKER!*

YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY GONNA *FALL* FOR THIS CRAZY STORY...?

I DON'T KNOW, CLARICE...

...WHY'D HE EVEN ***BOTHER*** TALKIN' TO US? WHY NOT JUST ***ATTACK*** WHEN SURPRISE WAS ON HIS SIDE?

I ***TOLD*** YOU WHY NOT! BECAUSE I NEED YOUR ***COOPERATION.***

WE ARE ***ALL*** IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT-- THIS TIMEBROKER WANTS TO MAKE US ALL HIS ***LACKEYS!***

I'VE BEEN IN THIS SITUATION LESS THAN A ***DAY*** AND I FIND IT INTOLERABLE!

DON'T ***YOU*** WANT TO MAKE HIM PAY FOR ENSLAVING YOU?

YES.

COME ON, VICTOR, YOU COULDN'T STAND TO SERVE APOCALYPSE HIMSELF! HOW CAN YOU ANSWER TO ***THAT*** LITTLE TWERP?

...YESSIR, RIGHT IN FRONT OF B.M.A. HEADQUARTERS! POSITIVE I.D. ON HOLOCAUST, HIS FORMER ASSOCIATE, SABRETOOTH, PLUS FOUR UNREGISTERED MUTANTS...

NOW, DO WE JUST STAND HERE ***TALKING*** WHILE THE FLATSCANS CALL IN THEIR HEAVY ARTILLERY?

CONSIDERING HOW MANY OF THEM YOU ***MURDERED***, MAYBE WE SHOULD CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION WITH YOU ***BEHIND BARS!***

HOLOCAUST! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY!

SUBMIT TO AN INHIBITOR COLLAR OR FACE SUMMARY EXECUTION!

SATISFIED, CREED? SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU *TALK* SOMETHING TO DEATH?

ZWEEEEEEE

CHOOM

EH?!

IZOT

ZARK

BAD MOVE, MIMIC!

TELL ME ABOUT IT WHILE I CARVE YOUR--

WHAK

CAL--!

STOP IT, YOU IDIOTS!

BUT--

I SAID STAND DOWN!

HATE

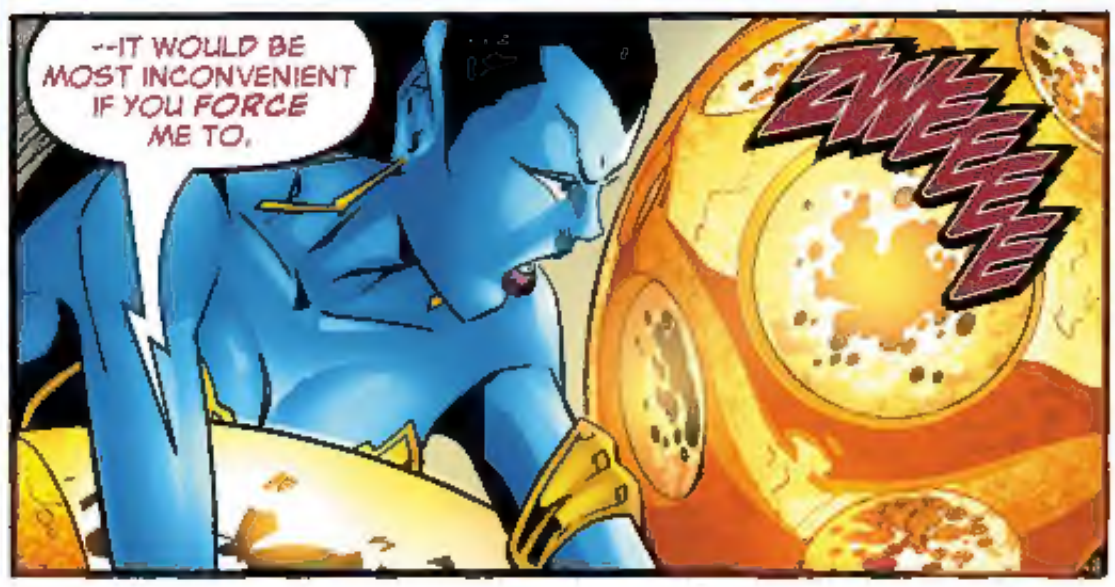
PAIN

FORGET YOU, SABRETOOTH! THAT'S MY FRIEND HE JUST KNOCKED INTO NEXT WEEK!

VICTOR, PUT A LEASH ON YOUR PETS--

--BEFORE YOU LOSE THEM ALL!
"PETS"...?!
SPLAT!

CAN A PET CRACK YOU OPEN LIKE A LOBSTER?
FOR THE LAST TIME, SETTLE DOWN! I'M NOT HERE TO KILL YOU--


--IT WOULD BE MOST INCONVENIENT IF YOU FORCE ME TO.
ZWEEEE

I *MEANT* IT, VICTOR--WE HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER. THE *M'KRAAN CRYSTAL* IS THE KEY.

AND WHAT EXACTLY DOES THIS FLAMIN' CRYSTAL OF YOURS *DO?*

THE CRYSTAL IS THE *NEXUS OF REALITIES.*

YOU'VE VISITED YOUR SHARE OF ALTERNATE UNIVERSES. THIS CRYSTAL IS WHAT *LINKS* THEM ALL TOGETHER.

I FIRST SAW IT IN MY FATHER'S TOWER--A SCIENTIFIC ENIGMA EVEN OUR BEST MINDS LIKE *HENRY McCOY* COULD SCARCELY COMPREHEND.

IT *TRANSPORTED* McCOY AND I TO A PARALLEL EARTH, WHERE THE BRILLIANT BEAST TOLD ME OF THE CRYSTAL'S *REALITY-BENDING* PROPERTIES.

McCOY ACTUALLY *PLANNED* HIS JUMP BETWEEN REALITIES BY TELEPORTING HIMSELF *INTO* THE CRYSTAL.

IF WE CAN *RECREATE* WHAT HE DID, BUT "SET" THE CRYSTAL'S DESTINATION TO MATCH THE TIMEBROKER'S *CHRONAL FREQUENCY*, WE CAN TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE.

SURPRISE THE TIME-BROKER...? YOU SPEAK OF A CREATURE WHO CAN APPARENTLY MONITOR ALL OF SPACE-TIME.

HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S NOT *LISTENING IN* RIGHT NOW?

PERHAPS HE *IS*...PERHAPS HE'LL HEAD OFF MY EVERY MOVE. BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME FROM *TRYING*.

AFTERWARD, VICTOR, IF YOU STILL WANT A REMATCH, IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO FLAY THE MEAT FROM YOUR BONES.

BUT RIGHT NOW, LET US DEAL WITH THE THREAT TO *BOTH* OF US.

...

AND IF WHAT THE TIMEBROKER SAID ABOUT STOPPING THE X-MEN WAS *TRUE*...? WE GO ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, AND THIS WHOLE WORLD IS *TOAST*.

OR...WHAT IF *BEAK* AND *HEATHER* ARE AT THE MERCY OF THAT LITTLE JERK RIGHT NOW, AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO *SAVE* THEM?

OKAY, HOLLY, YOU GOT YOURSELF A *TRUCE*. I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO GET MY CLAWS ON THAT DEVIOUS RUNT FOR TWENTY YEARS, ANYWAY...

BLINK, HONEY, GET US *OUTTA* HERE BEFORE SOME NERVOUS ARMY PUKE TURNS THIS PLACE INTO A SHOOTIN' GALLERY.

YOU OKAY, CAL?

WHO PUT *SABRETOOTH* IN CHARGE?

"BEFORE WE GO TO THE CRYSTAL, WE HAVE TO MAKE A STOP IN THE *YUCATAN*..."

McCOY NEVER *TOLD* APOCALYPSE ABOUT THIS PARTICULAR LABORATORY...

"...HIS MOST *SECRET* EXPERIMENTS WERE CARRIED OUT IN CHAMBERS FAR BENEATH THIS CRATER LAKE.

POWERPACK

TIGER

"IN THE OLD ORDER, SINISTER CONSIDERED HIMSELF THE MASTER *GENETICIST*...

"...BUT THE *THINGS* McCOY BRED DOWN HERE WOULD'VE CURLED EVEN SINISTER'S HAIR."

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"McCOY SAID HE KEPT HIS SECRET NOTES IN A *SAFE* DOWN HERE, INCLUDING EVERYTHING HE KNEW ABOUT THE M'KRAAN CRYSTAL..."

NAMORA, YOU'RE NOT LIKE THOSE OTHER FOOLS.

YOU ***CONQUERED*** YOUR OWN WORLD AND RULED IT WISELY. YOU KNOW THE ***TRUTH*** WHEN YOU HEAR IT.

YOU STILL HAVE ONE MORE CHANCE TO ***STOP*** MAGNETO BEFORE HE CONFRONTS SINISTER AND ENDS UP DESTROYING THIS WORLD.

MAGNETO AND A FEW OF HIS X-MEN ARE COMING ***HERE*** RIGHT NOW! THEY THINK YOU'RE ALL IN LEAGUE WITH HOLOCAUST...

...WHICH ISN'T SUCH A STRETCH AT THE MOMENT...

KILL MAGNETO AND YOU SAVE THE WORLD. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT!

FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING DOWN THERE, NAMORA?

WHAT I FOUND BORED ME TO TEARS.

BUT I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE GUESTS.

WHEN THEY SENT ME THE VIDEO OF HOLOCAUST AND HIS HENCHMEN ATTACKING MY OFFICES IN D.C., I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

BLINK, MORPH AND SABRETOOTH--THREE OF MY BEST X-MEN--WORKING WITH THE SON OF APOCALYPSE?! SO MUCH FOR HAPPY REUNIONS...

UM...THAT WAS ACTUALLY A DIFFERENT MORPH? I'M NOT FROM THESE PARTS...

ANY LAST WORDS BEFORE I WRAP THIS WHOLE BASE AROUND YOU AND CRUSH IT LIKE A CAN?

MAGNETO...

THIS AIN'T WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, ERIK. CALL OFF YOUR DOGS, LET US GO, AND I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.

CALL OFF WHAT DOGS? THERE'S ONLY ONE WITH HIM.

CORRECTION, LOUP-GARROU, DERE'S FOUR OF US, AN' DAT'S MORE DAN ENOUGH!

UNGH

ZOOOM

NICE CHEAP SHOT, QUICKSILVER!

WHu--?

YOU'RE JUST A BACKSTABBING JERK IN ANY REALITY!

WHAM

I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE TO LEAVE THIS WORLD WITHOUT GETTING A CHANCE TO KILL YOU, MAGNETO!

"LEAVE THIS WORLD"...? JUST WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING ALL YEAR?

WHEREVER IT WAS, HE MADE SOME NEW FRIENDS!

FWOOSH

PLOOSH

SORRY, BLUEGILL-- I'LL JUST BOIL YOU OUT!

FWOOSH

SUNFIRE, NO!

NAMORA--!

-WHUNG-

KRAKK

WHOA! WHAT'S WITH THE BLADES, GAMBIT?! DON'T YOU HAVE CARDS ON THIS EARTH, OR DO YOU PLAY "STABBER" INSTEAD OF "POKER"?

DON' KNOW IF HOLOCAUST BRAINWASHED YOU, OR IF YOU JUST PLUMB FORGOT WHOSE SIDE YOU'RE ON--

--EITHER WAY, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WAS FUNNY!

BOOM

RRRRMMBLL

MAYBE DEY'LL LIKE YO' JOKES BETTER DOWN IN--

REMY... W-WAIT...

PIETRO...?!

BOOM

AH—!

YOU GOTTA KNOW WHEN TA HOLD EM. KNOW WHEN TA FOLD 'EM...

AIEEE!

WHAT, YOU DON'T GET THE REFERENCE?

AH, I BET THERE'S NO *DUKES OF HAZZARD* IN THIS REALITY, EITHER...

CLARICE! WAKE UP, GIRL!

...HUNH...?

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHOM *YOU* PRAY TO.

LAST TIME WE DID THIS, WE WERE NTERRUPTED I VE *PRAYED* FOR A CHANCE TO *FINISH* THE JOB!

WHOOSH!

KRANNG

I DID NOT NEED YOUR HELP, NAMORA!

NOW, GET OUT OF THE WAY--YOU'RE BLOCKING MY SHOT!

AHHHHH

WANT TO KNOW HOW I *KNEW* THE X-MEN WERE COMING? BECAUSE THE TIMEBROKER *TOLD* ME SO DOWN THERE!

HE PRACTICALLY *BEGGED* ME TO MAKE SURE THIS MAN DIES--

--WHICH IS PRECISELY WHY WE *WON'T* HARM HIM ANY FURTHER.

WHAT?!

REMEMBER *WHY* WE CAME HERE! WE'RE TRYING TO *DEPOSE* THE TIMEBROKER, NOT CARRY OUT HIS COMMANDMENTS!

HE *PUT* YOU ON THIS TEAM BECAUSE HE THINKS YOU HAVE NO SELF-CONTROL. ARE YOU GOING TO PROVE HIM *RIGHT?*

...

C'MON, HOLOCAUST! HE'S *RIGHT THERE!* YOUR WORST ENEMY--THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR *DADDY*--RIGHT IN YOUR CROSSHAIRS!

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE A BETTER CHANCE!

WHO THE--?

YOU'RE RIGHT, NAMORA. I WON'T GIVE HIM THE SATISFACTION

BLINK! REMEMBER THE COORDINATES I TOLD YOU ON THE WAY HERE?

YOU GUTLESS BONEHEAD! I'M TRYING TO DO YOU A FAVOR!

...YEAH, I REMEMBER... BUT IT'LL TAKE A FEW JUMPS TO GET THERE.

AS USUAL, MAGNETO, WE'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS LATER.

BLOOOOONK

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY DO YOU WANT ME DEAD?

OH, PLEASE, I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOU.

ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH SINISTER?

AW, GO SAVE YOUR WORLD. I'VE GOT BIGGER FISH TO FRY...

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I TAKE IT THAT'S YOUR CRYSTAL. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK ALL THIS GEAR?

I DON'T HAVE TO

COME OUT, LITTLE MAN! DON'T MAKE ME COME LOOKING FOR YOU ..!

O-OKAY, OKAY, I'M RIGHT HERE, SIR...

JUST LIKE I PROMISED! YOU WON'T HURT MY FAMILY, RIGHT?

THE TALLUS ON SABRETOOTH'S WRIST IS A COMMUNICATIONS DEVICE--SOME SORT OF INTERDIMENSIONAL TRANSPONDER

YOUR SCANNERS DETERMINED THAT THE TALLUS AND MY ARMOR BOTH SHARED THE SAME HARMONIC RESONANCE AS THE M'KRAAN CRYSTAL.

GO ON...

"SCAN THE TALLUS, AND YOU SHOULD ALSO FIND A **SECOND** FREQUENCY--THE **CARRIER SIGNAL** THAT ALLOWS IT TO RECEIVE TRANSDIMENSIONAL MESSAGES."

...O-KAY...IT WAS PRETTY TRICKY, BUT I THINK I'VE ISOLATED THAT SECOND SIGNAL...

THESE ARE THE SECRET LAB NOTES OF HENRY McCOY.

INSIDE, YOU'LL FIND HIS METHOD FOR USING THE M'KRAAN CRYSTAL AS A **GATEWAY** TO OTHER REALITIES.

YOU HAVE **ONE HOUR** TO REPLICATE McCOY'S PROCESS. OUR DESTINATION IS THE POINT OF **ORIGIN** OF THAT CARRIER SIGNAL.

BLINK HERE WILL BE THE ONE WHO ACTUALLY **TELEPORTS** US, SO INCLUDE HER IN YOUR PREPARATIONS.

FAIL ME, AND YOU **DIE.**

WE'RE NOT ACTUALLY GONNA *LET* HIM KILL THE POOR SUCKER, ARE WE?

'COURSE NOT. BUT RIGHT NOW I'M MORE WORRIED BY THE WAY CLARICE HAS *ACTED* SINCE WE HOOKED UP WITH SABRETOOTH.

YOU'D THINK SHE NEVER *LED* THIS TEAM...!

ONE HOUR LATER...

IT WAS SO *OBVIOUS*, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE NEVER *THOUGHT* OF IT!

WHAT WAS SO OBVIOUS?

McCOY'S METHOD FOR RECALIBRATING THE CRYSTAL'S RESONANCE!

YOU ALWAYS HEAR HOW SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGHS ARE *SIMPLE* AND *ELEGANT*, BUT WHEN YOU SEE IT FIRSTHAND...!

I MEAN HIS NOTES WERE *SO CLEAR*, SO *INSIGHTFUL*...

...THAT THEY ALMOST MAKE YOU FORGET WHAT A SADISTIC *MURDERER* McCOY WAS?

THERE. THE CRYSTAL IS SET FOR THE SAME FREQUENCY AS YOUR BRACELET'S CARRIER WAVE.

YOU'RE *SURE* ABOUT THIS?

POSITIVE. ALL THAT'S LEFT IS FOR YOUR FRIEND TO TELEPORT YOU ALL *INSIDE* THE CRYSTAL.

BLINKING *INTO* SOLID OBJECTS IS SOMETHING I TEND TO *AVOID*, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.

WE STAND ON THE BRINK OF FREEDOM. NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR *COLD FEET.*

I'VE NEVER BACKED DOWN FROM A CHALLENGE. I FOUGHT *YOU* ONE-ON-ONE, DIDN'T I?

BUT IF JOHNNY LABCOAT MISINTERPRETED THOSE NOTES EVEN A LITTLE, WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE ONE VERY *STUPID* DEATH!

IT'S A *LEAP OF FAITH*, CLARICE. *I'M* HERE TO TAKE IT WITH YOU.

...YEAH, BUT...

DON'T WORRY, PUP. WE'VE FACED *WORSE* TOGETHER AND COME THROUGH IT JUST FINE. LET'S TAKE THE PLUNGE.

...

OKAY.

BLINNNNK

BLOOONK

MM. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I *EXPECTED*, BUT THIS IS NOT IT.

PERHAPS THE TIMEBROKER IS HIDING.

SNFF
SNFF

I DON'T *SMELL* ANYONE. AT LEAST, NOT ANYONE *HUMAN.*

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER...

NEXT: TIMEBREAKERS!